

Earth and Wind- by TheSubtextMachine

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Summary:

On a lazy Sunday afternoon in Nancy's room, Kali asks which of the four elements the pair are.

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Aka I got pissed about the lack of Kali appreciation so I wrote a fic

## Earth and Wind-

If Kali is Earth, steady and strong to a fault, then, she decides, Nancy must be wind.

Maybe it's the way that on the lazy, summer days where it's just them, sitting on top of Nancy's car in that certain way, with their ankles lightly touching and their Gaza's lingering, a gust of wind feels like a blessing that's too good to be earned through any mortal means. Nancy feels like that too, Kali realizes.

It's also the way that powerful wind feels in the cold ends of autumn. The way that Nancy seems to knock Kali over with the sheer amount of power she contains in her voice, in every little freckle on her face. It's terrifying, the way that Kali feels like there's almost nothing holding her to the earth, as if she's ready to be swept away and gone forever when Nancy's voice cracks, a tell-tale sign of her anger.

Kali brings this up one day, when they're in Nancy's delicately organized room, and Nancy's reading a book while Kali just lets herself stare at the ceiling, conjuring up images that dance along the white ceiling. Nancy sits upright at the head of the bed, legs crossed as she rests the thick book in her lap. Kali, however, lays sideways on the bed, her fingers laced together on her stomach as she contemplates.

"Nance?" Kali begins, quiet in that sleepover 'is anyone awake' tone.

"Mhm?" Nancy hums, momentarily pulling her focus to Kali before letting it move back to her book.

"What element do you think you are? Earth, wind, water, or fire?" Kali asks, and she continues to explain at Nancy's single raised eyebrow. "I read about it in some fantasy book that Will gave me. The four elements, the things that make the world. There are personalities and traits that fit the four. So what do you see yourself as?"

"Well, you are obviously fire," says Nancy, letting her interest overtake her enough to put down whatever classic literature she

deigned to pick up. Kali gives the slightest snort of disbelief.

"Explain."

"Well, you're passionate about everything you do. If that's not fire, I don't know what is," says Nancy, and there's this slight glint in her eyes as she says it.

"I don't know if I'm free spirited enough for that. Fire always struck me as a flighty element. I feel like Steve would be a better example for fire, if you ask me," says Kali. Nancy snorts at some image of her head relating to Steve and fire, most likely to do with his hair. Kali finds that a sweet smile is on her face at the sight, and that fact alone is terrifying enough to keep her quiet for a little longer.

"Earth, then? Grounded, steady, strong?" Nancy asks, and Kali finally lets herself smile because bingo, that was the correct answer.

"I like it. Now what about you?"

"I don't know, what do you think?" Nancy asks, and Kali can't decipher whether she asks because she genuinely has no idea or because she wants to know how Kali feels about her, if only in increments.

Kali debates whether to hold it in, whether to let Nancy come to her own conclusion or whether to take the bait. There's pros and cons on either side, the major con being the possibility of going a step too far and ruining the careful platonic friendship that they've cultivated. The pro, however, is the slowly simmering tension in the room as Nancy waits to see just a hint of what Kali feels. It's the kind of feeling that makes their skins feel a little funny, a bit tingled and flushed.

"Air. Wind. Absolutely. You switch from soft and quiet to so intense I think I'm going to blow over. You also float, but in a good way. You can never really be held down, you always find a way to rise up, or to change, and it's just-" the words flow freely until Kali catches herself, and there's an awkward pause before she lets her volume and her passion lower enough to say a choked "amazing".

She focuses in on Nancy to gauge her reaction, and finds flushed cheeks and wide eyes. Nancy looks like she's going to say something, as evidenced by the way that her mouth begins to open, but she's interrupted by loud, intrusive knocking at her door and the sound of pre-teen chatter.

"Nancy! El needs to borrow your makeup!" Mike shouts through the door, and the sound is muffled but still loud enough to knock the pair out of whatever trance they were in.

"Coming!" Nancy shouts back, before shooting an apologetic look at Kali. Kali sits up fully and stands up, accompanying Nancy on her trip to give the box of assorted makeup to Mike, who had opened the door as his friends peeked over his shoulder.

When Nancy finally bestowed the box to her brother, who was basically rocking his heels in excitement for whatever shenanigans they were all getting up to, the whole group made space for Nancy and Kali in the hallway. Kali gave a look at her best friend/maybe lover's brother's friends, among which was her sister. She found Jane in the crowd and reached over Will's Head to ruffle her dark, short hair affectionately. She shifted into the role of big sister with ease as the other members of The Party (or whatever those kids called themselves) gave their energetic greetings.

After some small talk and at least one case of a Dustin swearing before being hurriedly shushed by his friends, Kali and Nancy found themselves alone again.

The tense trance of earlier was gone, replaced by the usual burning of silent longing.

They moved back to their previous positions, quietly spread out on the bed. Nancy picked up her book and Kali resumed her visions, everything returning the semi-normal of their lives.

And if they were the tiniest bit closer, and the tiniest bit distracted as they tried to pretend that this was just a lazy Sunday afternoon with a friend and friend only, no one had to know.